

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**  
*May 1934* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



## A STRANGE SIGHT

JEAN GRAY ALLEN

Decoration by Edna Potter

**H**ORSE chestnut trees are funny things.

It makes me laugh to see  
Bright shining candles on their leaves,  
Just like a Christmas tree.

For winter time has long since passed,  
And pleasant spring is here,  
And all the other trees are dressed  
According to the year.

But maybe they have overslept  
And just waked up today,  
For only sleepy-heads would fail  
To know that this is May.



# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The May News in the School

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Navajo Silversmith"

#### Auditorium:

"News from Here and There"

#### Citizenship:

"News From Here and There," "Overseas Juniors," "School Doings," "A Public Benefactor"

#### English:

"School Doings" may be used in connection with planning school correspondence. The letters quoted are good both for content and expression.

"Something to Read"

#### Geography:

*China*—"A Public Benefactor" is one episode from a book to be published about Ho-Ming. The author is Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, whose *Young Fu of the Upper Yangste* was last year awarded the Newberry medal for the most distinguished contribution to children's literature in 1932.

*Holland*—"The Little Niko" suggests a brief feature in the JUNIOR RED CROSS JOURNAL, 1932, "A Peaceful Conquest," which tells of the reclamation of land whereby Holland's area was increased, peacefully, through science rather than through conquest.

*India*—"Jothy," ("Something to Read") "In India" (front cover)

*Sweden*—"The Calendar Stories" (editorial page)

*United States*—"Elizabeth Haddon, a Girl Who Dared," "Navajo Silversmith," "News From Here and There," "School Doings"

*Venezuela*—"The Calendar Stories"

*Other Countries*—"Overseas Juniors"

#### History:

"Elizabeth Haddon, a Girl Who Dared"

#### Primary Grades:

"A Strange Sight," "A Public Benefactor," "The Little Niko," "Mr. Smith's Farm" (in "News From Here and There")

### Education

Teachers will be interested in the good teaching technique evidenced in units described by pupils themselves in "School Doings," and in the young pupils' project of studying "Mr. Smith's Farm."

### A Year's Index for the News

You may have, on request of National or Branch Headquarters, a mimeographed index for this past year's file of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS to bind with your reference copies. The index is made not only by titles but also by subjects and countries.

### Returns on the Brailled Easter Cards

More than 9,000 Brailled Easter cards were covered by Junior Red Cross members and sent to children in schools for the blind. Juniors in Westchester County, New York, covered 2,500. In the Eastern Area, alone, almost fifty Chapters, including many more schools, took part in the activity.

### World Goodwill Day

You will find suggestions, in addition to those given on the editorial page of the NEWS this month, in the April TEACHER'S GUIDE and on the May page of the Junior Red Cross CALENDAR for World Goodwill Day. A particularly appropriate letter was sent from a school in Switzerland to a school in New Orleans:

"First of all we must thank you for the fine album you sent us. It gave us great pleasure. We shall be very happy to correspond with you, not only because you are of a distant country, but because of the celebration of Goodwill Day. Here are the words of a song that we sang on that occasion. [Translation in prose:]

"If all the children in the world were willing to lend a hand, we could see established tomorrow, peace, pure and profound—if all the children in the world were willing to lend a hand.

"For us, little children as we are, it is sad that we can only catch a glimpse occasionally of that force which united us all. Is it so difficult on the whole? We live as friends, so far from battles that peace reigns in all our homes. All hearts must leap with happiness at the joy of being united.

"Joys and sorrows united, they will sing their hearty concord, blending spirit and strength into one joyous harmony. And love combining all our efforts will make our life's work flourish. Even as the sound of a ringing bell is heard across vast stretches so the song of free men shall stir all humanity."

### Vacation Use of Junior Red Cross Material

Last summer a Vacation Bible School in Lake Worth, Florida, made excellent use of material received through Junior Red Cross in public schools during the year. In developing the topic "World Friendship" the teacher in charge of the primary department, Mrs. Lillian Bottorff, also Principal of the South Grade School of the town, took the pupils on an imaginary visit to various parts of the world using the exchange material received in Palm Beach County schools through international correspondence. For the visit to Japan she used a box of miniature clothing from Japan; on Indian Day, an exchange with an Indian School and, in connection with all, stories from the NEWS. A dramatization was given as the finale.

# Developing Calendar Activities for May

## Vacation Activities

MANY of the activities listed this month can be carried over during vacation weeks. When the children come in for suggested service activities, their leaders will have a chance to take stock of their needs. Clothing can be collected, lunch periods organized and the cooperation of mothers enlisted. Thus welfare work can be continued tactfully after schools close.

## Rounding Out the Service Program

The election of next year's officers for the Junior Red Cross Council presents an opportunity for real education in responsible choice of good leadership. Teachers may help pupils prepare for the election by discussing qualities of a good leader and the especial qualities needed for Junior Red Cross leadership.

The Westchester County, New York, Junior Red Cross continues its plan of awarding a banner at the spring rally to any school that has reached the following standards in its service program:

- Continuous organization for three years
- An all-round program including local, national, and international activities
- Participation by the whole school
- Integration of the service program with the school curriculum.

The motto adopted in 1927 is still retained: "If you haven't a banner, win one! If you have one, live up to it."

## Verse Reading Choirs

The best source of information about Verse Reading Choirs is the National Council of Teachers of English, 211 West 68th Street, Chicago, Illinois. One article of interest "A Verse Speaking Choir in High School" by Grace Loar, was published in the November, 1932, issue of the *English Journal*.

## Vacation Reading

**THE EPIC OF AMERICA.** Eighteenth edition. By James Truslow Adams. Little Brown & Company, Boston. 1933. \$2.50.

Since September, 1931, this *Epic* of our country's development has gone into eighteen editions. People of all classes continue to read it and the author's contemporary historians continue to recommend it as indispensable in explaining our confusing present by an honest record of the past. The latest edition has some corrections and carries the narrative into "The New Era and the New Deal."

Reviewing the story briefly for those who have not yet read it: From the prologue in Mexico, about 400 A. D., the chronicle shifts to the center of the eastern coast, and thence progresses in large movements farther westward until the time of our own generation, when America was, not too willingly, turned back to the old world.

The advance was dominated by the existence of the "frontier," an uneven, movable line. With the official ending of the "frontier" in 1890 vital changes came. We felt for the first time the real impact of the industrial revolution. The type of immigrants changed, the political effect of the democracy of the West was weakened. Pioneering energies, pent up,

found outlet in new class antagonisms, and imperialistic adventures beyond our shores were sought as the national areas for adventure closed.

Yet we have never given over the American dream that gave a spiritual drive to our advances, a dream "of a land in which life should be better and richer and fuller for every man with opportunity for each according to his ability" . . . . . "of being able to grow to fullest development as man and woman, unhampered by the barriers which had slowly been erected in older civilizations, unrepressed by social orders which had developed for the benefit of classes rather than for the simple human being of any and every class. And that dream has been realized more fully in actual life here than anywhere else, though very imperfectly even among ourselves."

The record is an honest one with something of a prophet's wrath for our national mistakes, yet without bitterness. It is not always comfortable. Avowals that it is unfair for the fulfillment of national mistakes to come upon this generation are shown as worse than beside the point.

But then, words could scarcely make us comfortable anyway. That was tried, you remember. Our present comfort can lie only in making the American dream real for our own generation if possible and, if not for us, then for the future.

**BARE HANDS AND STONE WALLS.** By Charles Edward Russell. Scribners. New York City, 1933. \$3.00.

One ought not to write of a book only in superlative. But how not, when one's enthusiasm is superlative? I should like every young person, including teachers on the verge of retiring, to read the final chapter, "Last Notes from the Rear Rank," in this good story and to learn certain sentences by heart—which is something more than memorizing. In a period when young people often hear devotion to "causes" sneered at (baffling to boys and girls of an age to respond warmly to civic idealism!) the tone of the book is noteworthy:

"Never tell me the world grows worse or even stands still. It grows always better. Not swiftly, not with an even motion of progress, not as impatient men desire it to improve. Still it grows better. It is immensely better than it was fifty years ago. There is more kindness, more interest in the other man's welfare, more impulse toward justice, more perception of the fundamental truths of human existence and fellowship." . . . "Nothing else pays so well as an enlistment in some betterment movement." . . . "— to keep some step, however stumbling, however far in the rear, with the vast, silent, often mysterious, sometimes hardly discernible processes that are slowly and surely transforming the world from a wolves' den to a place where man can know some peace, some content, some joy of living, some sense of the inexhaustible beauties of the universe in which he has been placed."

This young challenge is the utterance of a man who had his schooling, in what should have been disillusionment, as a police reporter in New York's slums, and has given a rich half century of life since to "causes"—each one inching forward on the tortoise's race of progress.

The book begins in the style of Franklin's autobiography and, like that classic, turns out something better than biography, because the man never loses his sense of proportion in the world. The record of his life becomes in a significant sense history, most

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# Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

## Tulare County, California

THE annual report of activities for last year sent in by Mrs. Esther P. O'Neil, Chairman of the Junior Red Cross, Tulare County, and by the president and secretary of the Junior Red Cross Council shows a variety and balance of activities.

In November the activities centered about the membership drive and cooperation with the local chapter in the annual Red Cross Roll Call.

In December each room selected a definite welfare project for Christmas. These included a clothes drive, the collection of six large boxes of food, mending and dressing ten dolls, sending a box of fruit to a sanitarium, cooperating with the Lions' Club in a toy drive, sending appropriate gifts to a paralyzed man and a girl in a hospital, giving toys to four children in a family not able to provide toys, and, perhaps the most spectacular service, making and outfitting twenty beds for children.

In January there was a potato and onion drive for local school relief.

In February thirty children gave an entertainment at an old peoples' home and more than one hundred valentines were sent to the home. Valentines were also sent to a sanitarium, fruit and place cards were sent for each patient in the county hospital, scrapbooks to the children in the county hospital, and three individuals were remembered with baskets of fruit and nuts.

In March effort was all directed toward the Los Angeles earthquake relief.

In April the fourth and fifth grades of one of the schools organized a miniature Junior Red Cross Chapter to be sponsored by the county Chapter.

In May a food drive for local relief work in school brought respectable quantities of sugar, potatoes, onions, eggs, milk, corn, tomatoes, chocolate, and deviled meat. A benefit play was given for the Service Fund, new Junior Red Cross officers were elected to be ready for work the coming year, and mothers were invited for a Mother's Day program. In addition to these monthly items, the report says:

"Children from various classrooms have aided neighbors or friends with chores. Several girls reported that they read for elderly people or washed dishes for some one who was not able to do so. Boys have mowed lawns, run errands, chopped wood, etc., for some worthy family. All classrooms have remembered members of their own group who were ill, with flowers, and have also remembered other members of the families when ill."

## Monroeville, Indiana

A recent report from Tillman School, No. 9, of Allen County, Monroeville, Indiana, pictures so complete a program that it is quoted for the benefit of teachers in other rural schools. The achievements of these thirty pupils will be an inspiration to many Junior Red Cross members of larger groups.

"We are a country school made up of thirty pupils and one teacher. In September, when our school opens Junior Red Cross enters with us. During our first week of school we start our activities. We set a goal for ourselves for the first four months. Then we set up a Red Cross corner or table. Here we keep all patterns, pictures, materials and any suggestions. We bring our pennies and enroll as Juniors.

"This year of 1933-34 we pledged to make one hundred

or more (no less) of anything we began. We realized we could make only rather simple, small things because our township will not furnish a great supply of Red Cross materials. We decided to raise some money but we knew this would be a very small amount.

"We do our Red Cross work at recess, noon, mornings, and on special occasions. These occasions are rainy days (this makes us love rainy days), days when we complete our daily work early (this makes us work earnestly); blue days when everything seems to go wrong, we just stop and do our pleasant Red Cross work (this takes away our fear of blue days.) However, we never stay indoors when the weather permits outside play, for we consider health a Red Cross project. So much do we believe this that we drink no tea or coffee at any time, have our tooth brushes at school and home and use them each day, have individual water cups, and have formed regular drinking habits, have formed regular hand-washing habits, have formed regular toilet habits and along this health road we practice respect, courtesy and honesty.

"With five other schools, we are receiving First Aid instruction with a nurse as teacher. We like this work. Also four of our township teachers are driving into Fort Wayne each Friday night and are being taught First Aid.

"We have dreamed of installing a radio and now we are really doing so. Here is how our Junior Red Cross did this work. During our Christmas vacation a cold wave swept our part of the state. About one hundred C. W. A. men were working on the road near our school. They had no shelter. Our school opened the schoolhouse to them. The key was given them, and for three cold days these men ate and warmed themselves in our school in the name of the Red Cross. When we returned, our school was perfectly clean, and as a reward the men gave us two five-pound boxes of chocolate candy. We were greatly pleased and the following week we made up fifty-two eggs into noodles and after cooking two fat chickens off the bones we served one hundred bowls of chicken noodle soup to these C. W. A. workers. Again they showed their appreciation by giving us \$5.75. There! That would start our radio. We then held a sale of vegetables and baked goods and made \$4.01. More on the radio! This week we sent for our radio and plan to have a radio broadcast and sell lunches and candy, and by taking in donations during the broadcast we hope and believe we will pay for our radio. At Christmas we made \$2.00 by selling six evergreen wreaths.

"By these activities we are not only enjoying ourselves by service, but are interesting people and neighboring schools in the Junior Red Cross. By a mock broadcast in school we hope to show our community what a one-room school can do when its motto is 'Service for Others,' or 'I Serve,' while its First Aid motto is 'I May Save a Life.'"

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often of the United States where his warm allegiance has found frequent expression, but also a history of forward movements of the race in other parts of the world even so far distant as New Zealand.

The human and gently humorous interpretation of our own past (or pasts) is noteworthy: the platform of the greenback convention, in 1880 ridiculed off the stage of national politics and by 1933 adopted practically *in toto*; the People's Party, which in its platform of 1892, "demanded more reforms that have since been incorporated into our system than both the other parties together proposed that year and four other Presidential years combined;" the early fight for model housing, an ideal accepted if not realized today; the advances against abuse in party politics, against racial discriminations, against power monopoly. And always it is the vice and not the villain that is the target; for the villain, if a person, is

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## Fitness for Service May-August

THE summer round-up of preschool children may well be extended to older boys and girls. If pupils have not had a physical examination during the school year they should be advised to have one during vacation when there will be a chance to act upon the recommendations. Parents should be urged to have physical handicaps of children corrected as early in the vacation as possible to allow time for rebuilding before school.

Helping in health problems of children unable to pay for medical attention is suggested on this month's CALENDAR page. If there are no welfare funds available for such work and the Junior Red Cross Service Fund allows, some financial assistance can be given. If the Service Fund does not allow or if it is not necessary to draw on it, Junior Red Cross members can help by giving teachers the names of children to be referred to clinics, welfare workers, or individual physicians who are contributing their services.

On the entertainment side, Junior Red Cross members can supply scrapbooks, playthings and handwork materials, making appropriate gifts at work meetings held during vacation. If it is not feasible to hold such meetings, gifts may be pledged before school closes, made at home, and brought to the Junior Red Cross office on specified days.

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himself the victim of a poor system that is unevenly evolving into a better one. It is a book to help one understand life and to take heart in living!

**SOCIAL EDUCATION.** By Eduard C. Lindeman. The New Republic. New York City. 1933. \$1.00, paper bound.

As a participant in social research carried on under the name of "The Inquiry" the author explains the method adopted and reports briefly what was attempted in each of the major fields attacked: class conflicts, business problems, racial misunderstandings, international and intersectarian relations.

The aim of "The Inquiry" was two-fold: to discover the basic nature of a problem and to find a way of solving it. The responsibility of education in helping citizens find their way through boggy social areas was among the problems approached.

The book is serious, at points esoteric, inasmuch as it aims to present an underlying philosophy of interchange. Philosophers think closely and cannot be happy over words that have taken on generalized meanings. Unfortunately the closest reasoning seems often to be done in the longest words. Just as in the educational field educators became educationists and even, alas, educationalists, creative work became not simply creation but creativity, so in *Social Education* we are told not of a method of inquiry but of methodology, which is a method of a method! This is not to smile at philosophers' use of large language, as one sometimes does and should not at children's vocabulary adventures. The choice of words is based on a delicately exact honesty that seeks to whittle thought so that it will fly straight.

Perhaps, clearer than any statement in the book itself of "The Inquiry's" aims is a quotation from

### Health and Service in Canada

The Deputy Minister of Education of the Province of Saskatchewan, Canada, made the following statement about the Junior Red Cross program there:

"The health program of the Junior Red Cross is in harmony with the content and spirit of the curriculum; in fact, the curriculum recommends that Junior Red Cross societies be organized in schools as health clubs. The course of citizenship stresses organization of pupils for community helpfulness, and in this connection also recommends the Junior Red Cross.

"Nevertheless the organization of Junior Red Cross societies should not be looked upon by the teacher as something which must be done to meet the requirements of the curriculum, but as a golden opportunity to teach children such important principles of life as neighborliness, consideration for others, and mutual helpfulness. The Junior Red Cross in Saskatchewan offers a splendid opportunity for service of the highest type.

"The Department of Education notes with satisfaction the growth in membership. It is to be hoped that all schools where societies have been organized will re-enroll for the coming year, and that many new societies will be organized in the schools of the province.

"It is interesting to note that in one case at least a school pupil, who took an active part in Junior Red Cross work ten years ago as secretary of a Branch, is today teacher-director of the same Branch."

an article by the same author, in *Progressive Education* for May, 1933. There Mr. Lindeman said:

"The chief difficulty with current social behavior is the one-way habit of interaction to which most of us are accustomed; we are so eager to exercise power over the other person that his meanings escape us; we are so anxious to rebut or refute him that we select from his contributions only those elements which we wish to combat; or, what is even worse, we are so insensitive to him as a person that we scarcely hear what he says when he communicates with us. All this belongs to linear, one-way response. Circular response, on the contrary, implies that we are eager to appreciate fully the other person's difference; that we wish to use his difference in order to create a new whole which is greater than mere addition of parts."

**THE TECHNIQUE OF PROGRESSIVE TEACHING.** Second Edition. By Melvin. John Day Company, New York City. 1933. \$2.95.

Progressive teaching, having been tested in private, experimental schools now finds a way into public schools. Hardly a state but is working on the revision of curriculum, and the problem becomes one which concerns teachers in service. This book of Professor Melvin's is for the reorientation of teachers in newer ways. It helps, first, by clarifying the philosophy that underlies the changes; then, by explaining critically the various and sometimes conflicting ideas around which the changes center; finally, by an abundance of case records of teachers who are trying the new ways.

To help the child find himself in today's world and to develop in him the power of good choices so that he shall make the most of his inherent capacity—these are the aims of good education. The ideal set forth in this book is a social one: that the child should be educated to live up to his responsibility towards his world, sharing in its work, helping its weaker members, enjoying it richly and making it a good place for all.

# A Public Benefactor

ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

THE mulberry tree beyond the high stone wall of the foreign compound rested one great arm on the coping and cast its lacy, tempting shade over the public roadway. Ho-ming halted with empty basket. Leaves in plenty and good ones; enough, if she could just reach and strip the limb without detection, to feed her silkworms for many days. If—that was the problem! For careless though these foreigners were, would any Chinese plant a mulberry where it invited attention? They might be unreasonable about sharing the leaves with outsiders.

A moment earlier Ho-ming heard the slap-slap of the gardener's feet as he moved from this section of the grounds to another; since then the silence had been unbroken save for the shrill repeated calling of a rice bird. The road was deserted. Deftly she lifted her forked stick, bent the branch nearer to her plump, outstretched arm and began to fill her shallow tray with the leaves. As the lower twigs were bared, she grew less cautious of sound and movement, and panic seized her when an unexpected voice demanded accusingly, "How then does that mulberry tree move since there is no wind?" The captive branch swished up abruptly and Ho-ming fled.

Two cross streets away she paused to regain breath, then studied her basket with satisfaction. Good! In two hours of searching the countryside, she could not have found so many. Now that her task was so quickly done, an immediate return home was not to be considered. Rarely was she permitted time for her own pursuits, and this morning's affair seemed a gift straight from the gods.

Time enough there was to walk to the Great Horse Road, and once there—! Swinging basket and stick with each free-footed stride, Ho-ming made her way from one thoroughfare to another. In blue cotton jacket and trousers she looked as might any one of a million other small Chinese girls, satisfied at having gathered food for the silkworms in her mother's kitchen. But there the likeness ended. Ho-ming's mind was not in household duties. In the twelve years of her existence curiosity and adventure had led her con-



*Deftly she began to fill her shallow tray with leaves*

stantly outside the four walls of her father's farmhouse. Into trouble and out of it had been an almost daily program for this younger daughter of the family, in sharp contrast to the steady, hard-working ways of her brother and sister. Grandmother scolded and mother sighed; only father's eyes twinkled over each new exploit.

"Lay down your heart!" he would counsel his wife. "She is like me when I was her age."

As she neared the main highway the crowds increased, and Ho-ming's thick black braid of hair swung in almost constant motion as her gaze moved from one distraction to another. Between narrow house walls load bearers, venders and pedestrians fought for footing. A colorful sedan chair made its way to the accompaniment of "Kai lu! Kai lu! (Open the road!)" And across the way a passenger alighted from a rickshaw and began an argument with his runner over the fare. Ho-ming listened impartially to the stormy discussion and the eventual compromise, then sighed as the coppers changed hands. Such debates were always interesting, but this morning she wanted something out of the ordinary.

Suddenly her attention was drawn to a chat-



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tering group of women who filed into a small street chapel. She wondered what sort of religious ceremony they were about to attend. Perhaps none! The foreigners, it was said, also conducted school in their temples. Well, in either case, it would be something she had never seen. She drew closer to the entrance, then hesitated. If anyone at home knew what she was about to do! Her lips curved mischievously. In another moment she had wriggled her way into the back of the room.

To her amazement there were no statues of gods or goddesses. Instead, colored posters covered the walls, familiar pictures of the contrast between bound and unbound feet; horrible pictures of rats and vermin and flies busy about their work of carrying disease and death.

At the front stood a dignified young Chinese woman; beside her a nurse in uniform arranged sheets on a revolving chart. These two, Ho-ming told herself with a wave of disappointment, were neither nuns nor teachers, but the woman physician and the assistant who helped her manage the public dispensary. As she turned toward the door, the doctor began to speak.

Twenty minutes raced by, twenty minutes of so much that was strange that Ho-ming's head whirled. Mosquitoes had been the subject of the lecture, and on the chart one kind had followed another: giant mosquitoes magnified to cover a sheet of the paper; smaller ones in clouds hovering about doorways and rooftops; individual mosquitoes and their families rising from water-gongs, stinging sleeping victims, torturing babies, spreading everywhere the dreaded shaking disease.

At the end the young doctor had grown hoarse with earnestness; "More evil do these pests bring to this town than war, or flood, or locusts! These others we recognize as enemies, but mosquito demons we treat as friends, permitting them to live and breed in our houses and dooryards. As a result even the strongest among us shiver and burn with the shaking disease; several tens of patients there are to whom I feed the white powder daily, and those who die, die needlessly. It is the mosquito devils who should die. In no better way can you become a public benefactor than to kill them. Do not let one escape! Burn your piles of rubbish where the mosquito devils gather! Buy foreign oil and sprinkle it on your mud puddles! Free your homes of these pests and save your families from illness!"

So mosquitoes were demons, Ho-ming told her-



*"Is this a new game you play, Me-me?"*

self on the way to her own house. The doctor had said it. Among the old women this was, of course, no new doctrine; demons were known to bring all misfortune, disease and death in particular. They were believed, also, to change their forms at will. What was surprising, though, was that some of them chose to look like mosquitoes and it seemed especially hard to believe that as they were demons, anyone dared to kill them.

Ho-ming would have nothing to do with such a queer business, yet it would be pleasant to become a public benefactor, after having been for twelve years the unimportant second daughter of the Wang farmhouse. She halted abruptly in the middle of the road. Suppose these demons decided to attack her own family! Hosts of mosquitoes lived with them always, and as yet no one was sick, but who could say? In the past she had slapped them fearlessly—was it possible those dead ones had been evil spirits, too? Certainly no harm had come to her from killing them. Enthusiasm welled in her. Chinese history was rich with tales of daughters who saved their parents from ruin, and at great risk to themselves. Was she less than these? Her shoulders straightened dramatically and she stepped forward so quickly that she ran headlong into a water coolie. She was splattered with water and scolding until, overwhelmed with embarrassment, she proceeded sedately to her own door.

Ho-ming kept her plans to herself. Too often she had got herself laughed at by telling them prematurely; this time she would await unmistakable results. Her richest battleground was a pile of fodder and refuse at the back of the



house and she spent every spare moment there, hitting violently in all directions and adding materially to the number of victims stored in a cracked bottle with a joint of sugarcane for stopper. When not in use the bottle lay hidden under a pile of straw. Killing the demon mosquitoes was simple enough, preserving secrecy was another matter. In her determination that none escape, Ho-ming sometimes forgot the presence of her family. One evening holding a spark to the bowl of her father's pipe, she jumped aside hastily and her empty hand clutched wildly at the air above her.

Father removed his pipe, blinked, then asked sternly, "Is this a new game you play, Me-me (Little Sister)?"

Before Ho-ming could do more than change color, grandmother interrupted, "Play it is not! She acts lately as if bewitched, jumping about like any boy, clapping her hands together, exchanging words with herself. But what did you expect when you would not let her mother bind this girl-child's feet? Did you think with such freedom she would ever learn to observe the proprieties?"

Mother studied the flushed face, then placing her hand on Ho-ming's forehead, asked, "Are you sick, Me-Me? What hurts you?"

Ho-ming restrained the impulse to respond to this sympathetic approach, and with a polite excuse evaded further questioning. She must be more careful or they would soon know as much as she did. That her plan was working she felt more sure daily. All of their neighbors were having trouble of some sort, trouble that was not limited to disease. In one house a litter of pigs had died; in another two hens had left their nests and ruined the setting of eggs. Three fields away a bean crop had been cut to pieces by worms. As for that evil the doctor had stressed, illness—two cases of smallpox and seven of the shaking disease were on this roadway alone. If mosquito demons brought these greater misfortunes to pass, couldn't they bemuse hens and place worms in the bean plants?

Ho-ming's own devils, discouraged by con-

stant persecution, no longer rose in such clouds from the refuse pile. The bottle was now quite filled and the more recent victims had been put into a segment of hollowed-out bamboo. One morning her brother, Yuen-san, returned un-

expectedly from the field and caught her peering into this dark container.

"What have you there, and why do you spend so much time at this spot lately?" he asked curiously as he reached out for the length of bamboo.

"And is that your affair?" Ho-ming retorted, even as she gave up the treasure to the boy.

Dismayed, she watched him turn the cylinder upside down and shake it. Ai-ya,

now everyone would know! But Yuen-san saw nothing suspicious in dust and dead insects such as might easily be found in any dark hiding place.

With a smile, superior by two years of age, he returned it and inquired sarcastically, "Would anyone but a silly girl waste time with such useless playthings?"

Ho-ming wished she could save her family without so much effort; burning the trash pile would have been much simpler, but she did not dare do that. As for buying foreign oil, even if she had the money, what farmer was so wealthy as to throw money into mud puddles? She must continue her original method even though she was already beginning to show the effects of strain. Her nights were restless and two or three times she had, half-awake, slapped at her older sister, Mei-li, for a dream-flitting mosquito.

Mei-li, usually patient, resented this treatment. "Truly, I believe it is as grandmother said," she complained, "you are bewitched. You have often done strange things, but never like this. Look at my wrist where you struck me last night!"

Ho-ming patted the bruise gently. "I did not mean to do so," she pleaded in excuse; "I dreamed."

In the days that followed, her entire household watched her closely. Twice mother forced her to drink a bitter brew of herbs. Grand-



*At the front stood a dignified young Chinese woman*

mother's references to ill-bred girls grew sharper and more frequent. She must confess for her own peace of mind. Then she overheard her parents contrasting, in cautiously lowered voices, their own good fortune with the ills that afflicted their neighbors. Ho-ming longed to cry out, "I—I, your humble and unworthy second daughter, alone have brought this to pass!" Once more fear that her achievement was not yet sufficiently great to guarantee fame, checked her speech.

A few evenings later, standing in the dusk outside the door, Ho-ming waited motionless for another mosquito to light on her outstretched hand. Suddenly the air was filled with rumbling and the earth shuddered. Houses swayed slightly, roof tiles danced crazily, and men and women rushed from their homes.

As the tremor subsided without a following quake, bedlam reigned. But soon each householder set about discovering what had happened to his belongings. No one had been injured. Two or three chimneys were askew, the side wall of one dwelling had an inch-wide crack, and a number of roof tiles were scattered about. Broken pottery and dented kettles were the chief casualties.

Ho-ming, whose brief terror at finding herself seated in the road had already passed, joined her mother and Mei-li in examining their own home. There were neither cracks nor loose tiles, and the rooms were undisturbed. She sucked in her breath—this was too hard to believe! That killing mosquito demons protected one from small evils was not hard to believe, but earthquakes, ai-ya!

Father and Yuen-san now hurried in from an errand on the Great Horse Road, and assured themselves that all was well.

Grandmother said, "Never do I fail to remember the offerings to the Kitchen God. Though you, my son, and this woman, your wife, pay little attention to such observances—what has saved us misfortune tonight and in the weeks past, if not these tributes to the one who guards the household?"

"My mosquitoes!" Ho-ming interrupted, forgetting the proper respect to grandmother.

"Mosquitoes?" her family echoed.

"Mosquitoes!" she repeated firmly.

Father's eyes twinkled and Yuen-san laughed aloud. "Now I know she is bewitched!" grandmother announced.

"They are demons that bring disease and death," Ho-ming went on. "The doctor at the

dispensary said it. I heard her. She said there was no better way to save families and become public benefactors than to kill mosquitoes. Many have I killed since then. In that time has any harm come to us? Have we been sick? Have our bean plants died, or our chickens left their nests? As for tonight—"

"And you believed this?" Yuen-san chuckled with delight.

"Not so fast!" broke in father. "That mosquitoes bring illness may be several tenths true. Li Farmer, whose son works at the Hall of Healing (hospital), told me this before. Also, I learned that flies, too, are harmful—or so they teach.

"But crops and earthquakes—" he smiled broadly, "that, Me-me, is too much!"

To the surprise of all, grandmother rose to Ho-ming's defense. "You find many things that are hard to believe, my son! As this girl-child says, no harm has come to us. This woman doctor is known to be very clever, and after all her doctrine is not strange. My mother used to tell of demons that took the forms of foxes and other animals. There was in ancient days a lizard—" she dropped the story suddenly and asked, "Then why not mosquitoes?" She studied her younger granddaughter as though for the first time. "You are not too stupid, are you?" she asked; then receiving no reply, muttered, "This matter will bear thinking about!" and moved to her sleeping quarters.

"So, you were not ill!" mother sighed with relief. "Whether your mosquitoes were the cause or not, Me-me, we have been fortunate this spring. And to try to save your family was a worthy purpose!" She smiled lovingly and patted the sleek head.

"Those times you struck me, you thought I was a mosquito," Mei-li said when they were finally in bed. "Since you believed them devils, were you not afraid to kill them?" she asked with a shiver.

"Had I not killed mosquitoes before? What of them? Tomorrow I begin on flies, also," was the reply.

"Ai-ya! Meanwhile what of the many tasks to be done about this farm? These ideas of your—they never have to do with work!"

"She thinks it was not work to kill all of those mosquitoes!" Ho-ming addressed the air. Then she turned again to her sister, "Had it not been for me, who can say whether this house, itself, would be here? Think!" she counseled sleepily, "think a little of that!"

# The "Little Niko"

EDNA POTTER

Illustrations by the Author

**F**AR away across the ocean in the country of the Netherlands there was a boy whose name was Jacob. He lived with his father and mother and his sister Marretje in a little steep-roofed house on the island of Wieringen. It was a very small house, like most of the houses on the island, and from its green-shuttered windows Jacob could look out beyond tall masts of fishing boats moored at the dike to the wide wind-swept waters of the Zuider Zee. Jacob's father made

his living fishing for herring, so most of the time he was out on the sea. But always on Saturday, after he had taken his catch of fish to Medemblik on the mainland, he would sail home to spend Sunday with his wife and his boy and girl.

One sunny Saturday afternoon in May, then, Jacob was swinging his heels over the side of the dike and looking out across the gray-green water for a first glimpse of the little fishing fleet of Wieringen. At last he saw the boats, far off and small on the horizon. Slowly they came nearer and at last he could make out his father's boat, the *Nikolaas*, among them. Then he noticed something odd. A new rowboat was following the *Nikolaas*, tugging at the end of a tow-line. Soon the *Nikolaas* came alongside of the dike. Jacob caught the rope which his father threw to him and together they made the boat fast.

"Did you have a good catch?" asked Jacob.

"It was good," said his father, "so good that I bought you a present in Medemblik. See, Jacob," and he pointed to the little rowboat swinging below them. "How do you like her? She's yours."

Jacob's eyes grew as round as the silver but-



*There was never a day that the Little Niko did not make Jacob glad*

tons on his jacket. He drew a deep breath; he opened his mouth; but he was so happy that not one word could he say. "All right, Jaap," laughed his father, "I'm glad you like her."

Then Jacob found his voice. "Oh, Father!" he shouted, and then, "Marretje! Come see! Mother!"

His mother's surprised face appeared in the window and Marretje came running from the house. "Oh!" said Marretje, "it is beautiful!" And, "Oh!" called mother, "won't it be useful?"

The little boat was glistening with new

varnish. She was very small, but as sturdy and square-built as Jacob himself. Jacob named her that first day. The *Little Niko* he called her, after his father's boat, the *Nikolaas*.

After that there was never a day that the *Little Niko* did not make Jacob glad. If mother wanted buns from the baker's, Jacob did not go clumping in his wooden shoes along the top of the dike. Instead he rowed the *Little Niko* down the canal to the bakeshop. In the mornings Jacob and Marretje rowed to school, and after school Marretje would sit in the bow knitting happily and Jacob would scull along the quiet waters of the canal. They would call out to the boys and girls in the garden patches and to the old men who mended fish nets in the little back yards. But the very best trips of all were on those rare summer days when father was home. He would row them far out on the breezy waters of the Zuider Zee, where something very exciting was going on, something the children never tired of watching.

Now every Dutch boy and girl knows the story of how the Zuider Zee came to be. Once no sea was there at all. Instead there was low



land thickly settled with villages and farms. Little winding streams flowed to the North Sea from a lake in the center of this land. Then one summer, hundreds of years ago, during a series of terrible storms, the waters of the North Sea dashed over the sand dunes on the shore and joined the waters of the swollen lake and streams. Houses, windmills and pleasant farmlands were all covered deep in a great flood. When the storm cleared, there was a great inland sea, the Zuider Zee. Only three little hilltops were left standing above the water. One of these hilltops was the island of Wieringen.

Jacob and Marretje had known this story as long as they could remember. They had always known, too, that the Dutch meant to win back the land which the sea had swallowed so long ago. And now, here at Wieringen, the work had begun. Long dikes were being built from the island to the mainland, walling in a part of the sea which was to be drained. Huge electric pumping stations were being built to pump out the water. Great swinging cranes were busy, lifting bucketsful of boulder-clay from the laden barges, and as each bucketful of clay fell splashing into the sea the dike grew a little higher and stronger. There was always something to see out there at the big dike.

At first the children could see a long line of white breakers, where the waves pounded on a wall that was still below sea level. Then as the summer passed they watched the dike rising like a bar of land across the water. One day they saw an enormous raft, made of rolls of brushwood bound stoutly together. Workmen weighted the raft with heavy stones until it sank beside the dike.

"That will keep the waves from washing away the soft mud and breaking down the new dike," said father. "Hard work this has been and hard work it will be, but it takes more than hard work to scare a Dutchman. And when that dike is done and the pumps have been set to work, this part of old Zuider Zee will be dry as a bone. Then you and I will be landlubbers, Jacob. Wieringen won't be an island in the sea. It will be a hill in the fields and we fisher-folk must learn to be farmers. How will you like that, Jaap?"

When they reached home from these voyages Jacob and Marretje would sit on the dike and plan how many cows and sheep and pigs they would own when they were farmers. Then they would look at the waves and laugh for the farm seemed only a funny dream.

One September afternoon Jacob rowed the *Little Niko* along the shore and landed beside

the new pumping station. Nearby the workmen had left a pile of rubbish—stones and broken bricks. Jacob thought what a fine playhouse he could build of them, so he worked and tugged until the *Little Niko* lay low in the water like the clay-laden barges at the big dike. It was a hard pull rowing home. He arrived just as mother called, "Supper is ready." So he made the boat fast and hurried into the house.

That evening the sky clouded over and the wind came in sudden sharp gusts from the sea. Mother and Jacob and Marretje closed the shutters and went about the house making sure that everything was safe and secure. Then they sat close around the fire in the snug little room while the wind whistled and the driving rain beat against the shutters. Mother's face was sober, as it always was when father was out in a storm. Long after Jacob had snuggled under his warm feather quilt, he lay awake, listening to the boom of the waves dashing against the stones of the dike, and thinking of father somewhere far out on that wild sea. The heavy load in the *Little Niko* was quite forgotten.

Towards morning the wind died down, the heavy clouds lifted, and when Jacob went out the sun was peeping over the edge of the sea. But when he looked over the dike he found no *Little Niko* waiting for him. She had broken from her moorings and drifted away in the gale.



Where the Dutch are turning sea into land



Jacob and Marretje had had their last voyage in the little boat! But later that day there was great rejoicing in the little house. For father came sailing home and the *Nikolaas* was at her moorings again though the *Little Niko* was gone.

How Jacob and Marretje did miss the *Little Niko*! All winter they talked of the happy times they had had. And when spring came they missed her more than ever.

In May there was a celebration at Wieringen. People came from far and near to see the last bucketful of clay dropped into place on the big dike. Boat whistles shrieked, men and women shouted with joy, and all over Europe radios broadcast the news that the big dike was finished. Then the great pumps began to work. The sea grew more and more shallow, and at last the water between the dike and the shore was gone. Only great stretches of mud flats were left. Little pools reflected the sky and in some places white shells lay in drifts like snow.

Father had sold the *Nikolaas*. He was helping to dig canals in the new land now. East and west, north and south, the canals ran. Soon the little pools were drained and the land grew firm and dry.

One day they went for a walk across the new land. It looked very strange to them. Here where ships had once sailed, bit plows were turning over the soil.

"Look, Marretje," said Jacob; "what is that dark thing over there? Let's go see!" Away they ran across the brown earth. Then they stopped—both as surprised and speechless as

Jacob had been on that May afternoon so long ago, when he had first seen the *Little Niko*. For here before them was the *Little Niko* herself! Her varnish was no longer bright, an ugly hole was in her side where she had beaten against the stones of the dike, and the load of heavy bricks, which had sunk her, was still piled on the bottom. Without a word Jacob and Marretje climbed in and had a pretend sail.

All these things happened three years ago. Jacob and Marretje still live in the little house of Wieringen. But from its windows there are no boats to be seen now, no dancing waters of the *Zuider Zee*—only pleasant farmlands with cattle and sheep grazing in level fields. And the only waves to be seen are the gentle waves of the green rye blowing in the breeze.

Jacob and Marretje have bicycles now, and often when they ride down the long straight road to Medemblik they stop off just for old times' sake and have a dry sail in the *Little Niko*, in the midst of the gentle waves of grain.



## Navajo Silversmith

MARGERY BEDINGER

IF you go to the Navajo Indian Reservation in the sunny states of Arizona and New Mexico, you will see that all the Indians, men and women, grown-ups and children, wear heavy ornaments of silver. According to the amount of money they have, they deck themselves with rings, bracelets, buttons and necklaces. This is one of the first things you notice, because the shining silver is very striking against their brown skin. The rings and bracelets are set with big blue and green turquoises, which add another note of color and make a very rich effect. If you look closely you will see that no two pieces of jewelry have the same design, although all of them are massive and quaint, and not at all like what we make and sell in the stores of our cities.

There are stores in the Southwest, however, that carry this jewelry. Some of it is genuine and some of it is imitation. The genuine Navajo jewelry is made by hand by the Indians themselves, and usually the best pieces are made not to be sold, but for their own adornment. The imitation is often manufactured in quantities in factories, and, except that the designs are somewhat similar and that it is made of silver, it bears no relation to the genuine Indian pieces.

The real Navajo jewelry is all made each bit separately, laboriously and carefully with only the crudest tools and instruments. It is interesting to watch its manufacture. In the first place, it is all made by men. Navajo women do many things—it is they who weave the beauti-

ful Navajo rugs—but they leave the making of jewelry to the men. These learned the craft of working silver from the Mexicans about eighty years ago. But they have improved and changed the art, and have used their own original designs, so that their silver work is very different now from that of the Mexicans.

For silver the Navajos sometimes use the big American dollars that you find circulated in the West instead of paper bills, and sometimes they buy bar silver outright, but in the old days and even now, the Indians like the Mexican "pesos" best. These look like our silver dollars, but they do not have quite as much silver in them, so they are not so valuable.

My friend, Cheerful Singer, a famous jeweler, let me watch him work one day. He had no regular workshop. He just sat on the sand in the shade of boughs laid across uprights in front of his hogan, a round hut,

made of wood and mud. In front was a beautiful view of the desert. The colored sands shimmered in the sun like a rainbow-tinted veil. At our backs was a great cliff of red sandstone that towered up four hundred feet into the blue sky. I thought it was not surprising that the Navajos can make such beautiful things, for they are surrounded all their lives by beauty.

Cheerful Singer's most important tool was a forge, with a fire hot enough to melt or soften the silver. Next in importance was an anvil to work it on. His forge was a crude, handmade affair, and I wondered how anyone could make such beautiful things with such rough tools. He had taken an old five-gallon oil can and knocked out the top and one side. This he had filled with clay, leaving a circular depression in the top to be used as a fire pit. He also left a small round tunnel in the clay from the fire pit to the outside of the can where he had cut a hole. This connected with a bellows made of sheepskin, kept distended by willow branches. He blew air through the bellows and the tunnel to

the fire pit and so got a very hot fire. For fuel he used charcoal made from the wood of the juniper. He gathered this the night before and set it afire, letting it burn until there was a nice bed of coals. Then he threw sand over them. In the morning he brushed away the sand, and found the charcoal ready.

When the fire was hot enough, Cheerful Singer put two silver pesos in a little hard white china dish and set it over the flames. Then he blew the bellows lustily to fan the coals and keep them hot. Finally the silver melted and became liquid. Then Cheerful Singer took a small pair of tongs and lifted the dish and poured the silver into a mold hollowed out from the sandstone. There is much fine-grained sandstone in that country and the Indians can easily carve depressions in it the same shape as they want the finished ring or bracelet. After they have once used a mold, they break it so it can never be used again, for no two

pieces of Navajo jewelry are the same.

While the silver was hardening and cooling in the mold, Cheerful Singer told me that oftentimes he does not melt and cast the metal, but heats it over the fire until it is soft, and then beats and hammers it on the anvil into the shape desired. Sometimes he beats a piece very thin and then cuts it into the proper shape, or twists it. In the old days, Cheerful Singer said, they used to make very fine wire and then braid it. These braided bracelets are quite rare today.

I wanted to see how Cheerful Singer would finish the bracelet he was making, so I asked him if I might come back the next day and watch. He said "Yes."

Early next morning I found him outside the hogan again, squatting on his heels. He had taken the bracelet out of the mold and was rubbing it with very fine sand, to smooth it and take off any roughness left after the casting. When this was finished he softened it a little over the forge and then took a little stamp, or die, that had pretty curved lines on it and stamped these



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*He sat on the sand in the shade of boughs laid across uprights in front of his hogan*

in a beautiful design on the bracelet for ornamentation. He had made this die himself from the end of an old file. This process calls for exact workmanship, for the lines must be arranged symmetrically or the whole effect is spoiled.

Cheerful Singer had put three lovely big turquoises in the bracelet before I came, soldering a little collar of the silver around each one to hold it.

When I asked Cheerful Singer where he got the turquoises, he waved his hand eastward and said, "From old, very old mines in the Navajo country."

These mines date from pre-historic times, long before the coming of Spaniards, and still yield lovely stones. The Indians pick them out with crude tools and shape and polish them by hand. Sometimes of late years they have used the hard, highly polished stones from Nevada that they buy from the traders, but the old stones, worked by hand I like better. The best stones are a beautiful sky blue. Others, not so fine, turn green after a while. In the early days, malachite, a pretty green ore of copper, and even shiny, black jet were used instead of turquoise. If you see a piece of Indian jewelry set with malachite, you know you are looking at a very old piece indeed.

The turquoises the Navajos use are of all shapes and sizes. Sometimes there are a number of small stones set in a cluster in a ring or bracelet, giving a very showy and striking effect. Single stones

may be round or square or even diamond shaped. And they may be flat or rounded. If you look carefully at the rounded ones, you may see a hole passing through them. This means that the turquoise has been used before as an ear-drop. The Navajos change the jewelry about frequently, making ear-drops into rings and taking an old bracelet and working it over with a new shape and design. This is one reason why their jewelry is so attractive. It is very much a part of themselves. Anything a person makes in which he really expresses himself is interesting.

While Cheerful Singer was putting the last touches to his bracelet, I looked over a box of silver buttons that he had made. First his wife and his two little girls wore these down the fronts of their blouses and across the shoulders. Then he and his three little sons as well as the girls and their mother all wore them to fasten their moccasins. Most of these buttons were round, although some were fluted and rose to a point in the center. I turned some of them over and here

(Continued on page 212)



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS  
*Sheep form the Navajo's wealth.  
Notice the boys' silver belts*



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS  
*Navajo shepherds in Chaco Canyon. The circular building at the right is a Hogan, the Navajo house*



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## FOR WORLD GOOD WILL DAY

WE hope you are making plans to observe May 18 this year. You remember that this came to be called World Good Will Day because on that date in 1899 representatives from many countries met at the invitation of Czar Nicholas II of Russia and planned the Tribunal of Arbitration at The Hague, which has since done so much to settle questions in dispute between nations. In last month's News both the play, "Uncle Sam's May Party" and the story of the world's Red Cross would make good program material for the day. If you happen to have bound volumes of the magazine, you will find other good features in the May numbers of 1926, 1928 and 1929. This is a good time, too, to bring together all the material your school has received through international correspondence.

## THE CALENDAR STORIES

### APRIL—A FARM HOUSE IN THE ANDES

VENEZUELA was the first country of the American mainland to be sighted by Columbus. Approaching by ship, we glimpse what Columbus saw, the northernmost spur of the Andes emerging from the clouds and dipping grandly to the sea. At the base of the great rock mass, the tiny port of La Guaira opens the door to Caracas, that gleaming city far above on the plateau. A road cut in the mountainside

zig-zags to the top, glowing with heat and color and overgrown with cacti.

The altitude and the cool winds make a wholesome place of the plateau. But even here we find the Andes still towering above us, copper-hued in the sun, violet in shadow.

The farm house in the picture is not as far from civilization as one might think, for less than a mile away, at the other end of a trolley line, is the city of Caracas, with its shaded avenues and white houses built in Spanish fashion around courts, with upper galleries.

The best-loved name in Venezuela is that of Bolivar. He is the George Washington of more than one South American Republic, for he freed those countries from Spain.

### MAY—COSTUMES OF DALECARLIA

THERE was once a high-born Swedish boy named Gustav Vasa, who was seized by the king of Denmark and taken to Copenhagen as a hostage. That is, the king who held Vasa captive threatened to kill him if the Swedes rebelled.

But Gustav, who was a clever boy, managed to escape and to get back to his own country in disguise. Even there he did not use his own name, for Sweden was full of Danes. So he wandered about in poverty and finally came into Dalecarlia, a province of lakes and farms and mines. There he found work on the farms and in the copper mines.

Wherever he went he talked of the future freedom of Sweden, and encouraged his fellow-workers to throw off the yoke of Denmark. Finally the Dalecarlians chose him as their leader and so formed the nucleus of an army that drove out the Danes. With Sweden free, Vasa was crowned as King Gustavus I.

Because the Dalecarlians are proud of the part they played in freeing their country, they still cling to their picturesque old costumes and solid painted furniture of the days of Gustavus I (1523). Orange and crimson and white gleam against the background of Dalecarlia's still gray lakes and pine forests.—A. M. U.

### A QUIET DESCENT

Vera came running noisily down the stairs into the room where her mother had visitors. Her mother said: "That is not the way nice little girls behave. Go upstairs and come down quietly."

After a few moments Vera reappeared. "Now that is the way to behave," said her mother. "Tell the ladies how you came down this time."

"I slid down the banisters on my tummy."

—Radost, Czechoslovakia



# Elizabeth Haddon, a Girl Who Dared

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

ELIZABETH HADDON was only five years old when she first heard William Penn tell stories about America. Her father, John Haddon, was a Quaker who had made a fortune selling ships' supplies. He and William Penn were great friends, so Mr. Penn often visited the Haddons in their fine London home.

Elizabeth never tired of William Penn's tales of his colony in the New World, of the wonderful forests, of the Indians and of their squaws and papooses. The great man told her how the Indian mothers made birch-bark cradles for their babies. He showed Elizabeth how Indian mothers carried the papooses on their backs, cradles and all, when they went walking, and how they hung the cradles on the trees while they built their fires and cooked the venison and wild grain. He told the little girl that the Indians used to bring home skins from which the squaws made beautiful clothing for their families. He talked to her in the language of the Indians and taught her to say many of their words. He promised her an Indian moccasin and one day he brought the treasure.

Now of course other little Quaker girls heard William Penn talk of his fascinating realm beyond the Atlantic. But Elizabeth never forgot, and they probably did. That was how she was different.

As she grew older Elizabeth understood that in Pennsylvania Quakers would not be put in jail for holding meetings of their own. She was glad when her father bought a tract of land in New Jersey and talked of going to live in America. John Willis, one of Mr. Haddon's neighbors, had first bought this land. He was a ship's carpenter and had bought supplies from Mr. Haddon. The two men had often talked of William Penn's domain beyond the sea. When Mr. Willis died his

son was glad to sell his land to John Haddon.

Elizabeth was eleven years old when a young missionary came to the London Yearly Meeting. He was then seventeen years old and his name was John Estaugh. He was an Irishman who afterward chose the Quaker colony in America for his home. After one of the meetings Mr. Haddon invited John Estaugh home to dinner. The young man brought with him some ears of Indian corn sent to him from New England by an uncle who lived there.

Estaugh described the beauty of a field of golden corn, every tall stalk with silken tassels blowing in the wind and long green leaves making sweet music as they rustled in the breeze. Mr. Haddon begged him to give an ear of corn to Elizabeth. The child accepted the gift with joy and counted its grains of gold.

Finally Mr. Haddon felt that the time had

come to move with his family to America. He sent carpenters over with plans and supplies for barns on his estate. When building a mansion and the mansion was finished he sent the finest of simply made furniture that money could buy to make the house comfortable and homelike for his family.

Then he had a sad disappointment. Elizabeth was the only one of his family who wished to migrate to America. Mrs. Haddon and the two younger girls shivered at the thought of leaving London to live in a wilderness with savages and wolves for neighbors. Mr. Haddon gave up his dream, but Elizabeth did not. She still hoped that some day she could live in the vast wilderness



Mr. Penn told her how the Indian mothers carried their papooses on their backs

with the Indians for neighbors.

At last, when Elizabeth was seventeen years old, Mr. Haddon invited all his relatives to visit

him in London. After dinner one day he offered to give his estate in America, mansion, furnishings, barns and all, to the one who would sail over and take possession. The relatives were polite but firm in their refusal. They were all well off in England, so why leave home?

When they were gone Elizabeth astonished the family. She offered to go alone to America and make her home in the waiting house. She made a long speech. When she had finished her father answered her in words something like this:

"Elizabeth, if it be the Lord's will for thee to live in America, a sign will be given thee, and the way will come."

Answered Elizabeth, "Thy promise is the sign."

Elizabeth's mother and sisters were shocked by Elizabeth's wild dream of going alone to live in America. But the father said that if she still felt the same way three months later, she should go. Meantime he advised her to "meditate and pray."

It may be that Elizabeth did meditate and pray. She also studied how to run a farm, how to manage a house and what medicines to use for curing diseases. She thought the Indians needed a doctor.

When the allotted time was past, Elizabeth told her family that it was her mission to live in America. The Indians needed her. In the spring of 1700, when she was eighteen years old, this London girl said goodbye to her family and sailed away. John Estaugh's ear of corn was in her baggage. The old accounts tell us that not a tear was shed when father, mother and sisters saw Elizabeth on board her ship bound for strange adventures. The Haddons were old-time Quakers, who never asked questions when they believed that God had told them what to do. They obeyed His voice cheerfully. The family believed that Elizabeth had given her life for her faith, and that they must be as brave as she.

A widow, who was a trusted old friend, went with Elizabeth to be sort of a mother, and to keep the house. Two Quaker workmen, also old

friends, went, too. And not for one minute did Elizabeth think that she was making a great sacrifice. She was doing exactly what she had always longed to do. Anyway, she fully expected to see her father and mother and sisters again.

It was June when Elizabeth Haddon arrived at her new home. Birds were singing, wild-flowers were blooming and the air was sweet with the fragrance of the woods. All nature welcomed the girl when she stepped into her comfortable home with the great forest stretching away and away beyond the clearing.

Her house stood near the bank of a clear stream bordered by blooming shrubbery. To be sure, the nearest neighbor lived three miles away, but Elizabeth hoped that the Indians would often come to see her so she would not be lonely.

She heard bluejays, owls, whippoorwills and wild animals that first night in the woods and loved them all. They say that she was up in the early morning exploring the clearing around the house. With all her heart she thanked the Lord for

her beautiful new home. And that very day Indians came visiting. Elizabeth was delighted with them and their squaws and papooses.

After that she thought about her farm where five hundred acres were ready to be planted. Elizabeth asked what crops would grow best on the new land. When neighbors advised rye she answered, "Then we shall eat rye bread." She also planted every grain of John Estaugh's ear of corn.

Before long Elizabeth and the Indians were great friends. They liked her because she was kind and truthful. She began that very first summer to go on horseback to take care of the sick. The grateful Indians taught Elizabeth about the herbs they used for medicine, and this unusual girl was wise enough to know that the Indians could teach her much that she had not learned from books about the art of healing.

From the beginning Elizabeth Haddon never turned a stranger from her door. She took in all sorts of travelers to stay overnight. The Quaker neighbors were troubled when they heard about



*Elizabeth was doing what she had always longed to do*

this. One of them said, "Thee must know that chance wanderers may prove unwelcome guests." But no harm ever came near her dwelling.

She planted a wonderful garden and walled it in with hedges of box that she had brought from England. When she decided to have brick walls in her gardens, she set up a brickyard and manufactured the brick which she could not buy in that region.

Instead of making her medicines in the mansion, she built a little house on purpose for such work. That little brick house was perhaps the first medical laboratory in our country.

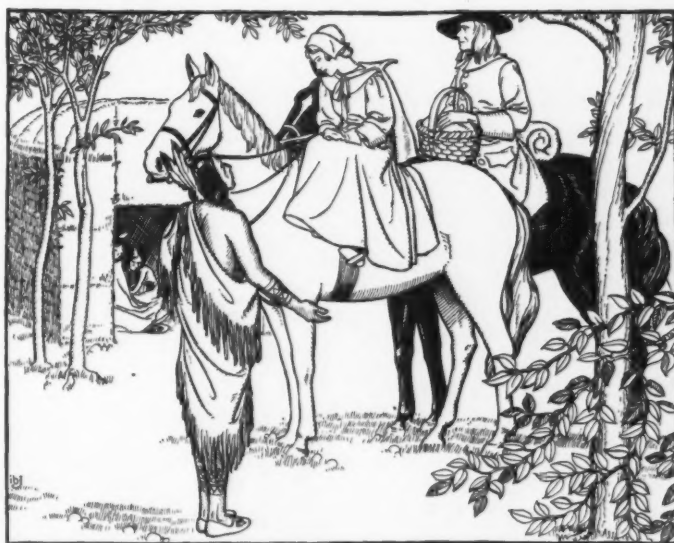
Elizabeth's corn grew and her fields produced an abundance of rye. She shared the vegetables and fruits from her gardens with the neighbors and with the Indians, and was continually happy. Never for a minute was she homesick.

With her American family, Elizabeth settled down to enjoy her first winter. In the kitchen, hanging from the rafters, were ears of golden corn that had grown from the treasured gift of her childhood. There was peace and comfort and plenty in Elizabeth Haddon's house, so far from her father's home.

One cold winter night when flames from the fireplace were roaring up the chimney, there was a knock at the door. Elizabeth supposed that some belated traveler was seeking shelter. The door was flung open and there to her surprise stood John Estaugh, with a friend. He had been surprised himself when he heard that Elizabeth Haddon was living in America. Now he stood smiling in her house and found that he was a welcome guest. They took him in the kitchen and showed him the harvest of corn all grown from the ear he had given the little girl in London so long ago.

For hours John Estaugh talked with Elizabeth and her family about England and America, and he was happy, too.

A deep snow fell in the night and was still falling in the morning. The next day Elizabeth sent her men with teams of oxen to open paths for the neighbors. Later in the morning she and John went in a sleigh to carry medicines and food to Elizabeth's sick Indians and poor neighbors. The girl liked John better than ever because he was so gentle with little children, and so kind and polite to the grandfathers and grandmothers. She



*She began that first summer to go to take care of the sick.*

went to First Day meeting with him and was pleased with his talk.

As John Estaugh was a missionary, he soon went on his way to hold meetings elsewhere and Elizabeth didn't see him again until the next summer. He came then to attend the Salem Quarterly Meeting, and with many other guests stayed at Elizabeth's house. She had all the company she could possibly take care of that time, and her stables were full of horses.

Before that Quarterly Meeting was over, John Estaugh and Elizabeth were talking of getting married. John believed they ought to think it over well, because she was rich and he was poor. He would think it over on his way to England and on reaching London would go directly to her home. In three months John Estaugh had sailed to England and home again, and that was quick traveling in those days. He told Elizabeth that her father wished her to marry him. So they were married in her house and lived happily ever after, like the hero and heroine in a proper fairy tale.

Their home was always a haven of refuge for all Quakers and others who needed help. And as long as she lived, Mrs. Estaugh was a friend to Indians in need.

She went home to London three times to see her family. Her husband made missionary journeys to many lands. He died of a fever in the West Indies when he was away on one of his long missionary voyages. Elizabeth lived twenty years after that until she was eighty-two.

Elizabeth Haddon will always be remembered because a town in New Jersey, once a part of her estate, was named Haddonfield in her honor.



*FROM Graytown Special School, Graytown, Ohio, to Shinmaizuru School, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.*

**W**E boys and girls have been very much interested in the Century of Progress at Chicago. Miss Bolte, our teacher, brought us much valuable material. She also told us many interesting things and she answered hundreds of questions. We sent for all the material about the fair that we could possibly get.

At last we decided that we would like to make a small fair of our own. Each one of us had a certain building we were especially interested in, so each constructed that particular one.

We had no money to use for our fair; therefore, it was up to us to find free material. First we needed large sheets of paper, which would have cost a lot. Someone suggested wall paper, and next day there was a great deal of old wall paper here at school and we could draw.

The clerks at the grocery stores and restaurants saved cardboard boxes and advertising signs for us. These we used to paste our drawings on and to construct other things for our fair.

When our project was completed the county supervisor of schools asked us to take it to the county teachers' meeting at Genoa, about eight miles from here. We took down everything and put it in two automobiles. One car took the buildings, the other the skyride and the Sinclair exhibit. We had to use modeling clay to make the dinosaurs for the Sinclair exhibit. This was the only expense we had for the entire fair project.

One Friday afternoon we had parents' day. Most of our parents came and saw the project. We children gave talks and descriptions of each building. The parents that didn't come then came the night that we gave a play.

*FROM Snowden School, Memphis, Tennessee, to an Indian School.*

**W**E are in the 3A grade and we would like to tell you why we made the bean bags we are sending you in the shape of bells. We were in-

terested in bells so we decided to study them. We began with primitive bells and came down to the ones we use now. We had a program for our mothers. Each child had a part to say. They told about famous bells. We made a bell tower. The boys built it and the girls helped paint it. We made a carillon out of a broken doll piano

and cigar boxes. We wrote stories and poems about bells. We read stories and poems about bells also. We drew pictures to show about them. We cut pictures of bells out of books and magazines.

One day our teacher found a kitten in the hall and brought him in our room. He was yellow and white and soft as cotton. We named him "Snowden" because that is the name of our school. We wanted to have him for our school pet. We could not leave him here at night, so we took turns about taking him home with us. He was very good in school as he slept most

the time. We held him in our laps while we did our work. He liked to sit on our teacher's desk and one day he crawled in the desk drawer. Also one day he was playing and turned over the vase with the flowers in it and spilled the water. One day he wrote on the typewriter. We called him the "Educated Cat." At Christmas the school secretary took him home with her to spend vacation. By this time he had grown so large that we thought it best to give him away and we found a good home for him. We do miss him though, because he was lots of fun.

*FROM Springbrook School, Alcoa, Tennessee, to U. S. School for Natives, Kotlik, Alaska.*

**O**NE afternoon while we were having a writing lesson our superintendent came in to tell our teacher that there was a box at the Red Cross office for our room. We had a "wonder" game the rest of the afternoon. We wondered what you had sent us and what you were doing at that time.

After school our teacher took the children who lived on her street in her car three miles to the Red Cross office. They unpacked the box coming

## School Doings



*Vincennes, Indiana, Juniors, "elected" books to office and had a parade of the winners*



home. Next morning we saw all the things you sent. We got some dolls from Japan, too.

We have a bookcase in our room. It has glass doors. We have made an Eskimo scene in one shelf. We put your gifts in it. We made a Japanese garden on another shelf. We put our Japanese dolls in it. We show visitors to our school the gifts. We showed them to all the other children in our school. We sent them over to the Bassel School for a week, so the teachers and children there could see them.

We earned the money to buy the doll we sent to you. Every month our parents are supposed to meet with the teachers of our school to plan for us. It is our duty to get our parents to come. Each month this club gives a dollar to the grade that gets the most parents to come. We gave a Red Cross play, "The Safety First Train," for our September meeting. Many mothers came. We got the dollar. Our teacher and a committee of girls went to town to get the dolls. They got the baby we sent to you and one for Japan and another for the Philippines.

In the album we are sending you we have tried to show you how we live. That is what we would like to know about you. Tell us what you do all day and where and how you sleep. Are you in the land of "the long night"?

*FROM Lincoln High School, Vincennes, Indiana, to Ecole Communale de Garçons, Vincennes, France.*

OUR city library for the last few summers has been trying to get more Vincennes boys and girls to read good books during vacation. People from all over our country have written our librarian to ask about her methods, so perhaps you, too, may like to hear what was done.

Summer before last the project provided for an election to be held at the end of the summer to tell which books were best liked. To be able

to vote at that time, a child must register just as adults do for real elections. On May 31 and June 1, just sixty days before the election, everyone who wished to take part in the contest entered his name.

The first- and second-grade children read for the right to vote for city officers; the third and fourth, for county officers; the fifth and sixth, for state officials; and the seventh and eighth, for national representatives. Each boy and girl would report on his book to one of the librarians as he finished it.

When the project ended and the election had been held (the votes were not given to persons but to books best liked) the returns were as follows: "Peter Rabbit," city clerk; "Gingerbread Man," treasurer; with "Humpty Dumpty," "Little Red Hen," "Overall Boys," "Sunbonnet Babies," for the council. The county ticket elected "Pinnocchio" for congressman; "When Grandma Was a Little Girl," state representative; "Cat Who Went to Heaven," treasurer; "Blue Tea Pot," coroner; "George Washington," surveyor; "Johnny Ping Wing," assessor. The state ticket elected "Hans Brinker," senator; "Huckleberry Finn," governor; "Chi Wee," secretary of state; "Shag," superintendent of public instruction. The national ticket elected "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," president, and "Tom Sawyer" vice president.

A parade was held after the votes were counted and anyone who had registered could take part. More than six hundred boys and girls were in it. It was held just at twilight and the streets were cleared for it. A Boy Scout drum corps with police escort headed the parade. This was followed by a gayly decorated car which held the mayor of Vincennes and the newly elected "mayor." The parade ended at the library where there were ice cream cones.



*This photograph of their school bank was enclosed by members in Harvard Avenue School, Fullerton, California, in a school correspondence album. The depositors make out deposit slips just as they would in a real bank. At the end of the day the school teller takes the money to the town bank.*

THE Pan American Conference at Montevideo last December adopted a resolution commending the work of the Red Cross and particularly of the Junior Red Cross. It recommended that the various American governments support the work of both Junior and senior organizations and especially encourage the international correspondence of the J.R.C.

THE Junior group at Girls' Guildry Company, Newquay, Cornwall, England, believe in the ounce of prevention. As a "pre-First-Aid" activity, they collect broken



*Every year the Latvian J. R. C. sends hundreds of children to a seaside camp at Asari. The N. C. F. helps this camp*



*These Czechoslovakian Juniors go camping in the summer time. They enjoy paddling here, and they learn to swim, also, in a nearby pond*



*Members of the babies' class in an Indian school, washing out their own blackboard dusters and playing that they are little "dobbies" (washermen)*

glass from their bathing beach, and help keep it tidy. Members take this responsibility in turns.

IN the village of Torlash, Bulgaria, the 120 members of the J. R. C. group undertook to exterminate all the caterpillars which were destroying the school orchard. They also learned to graft vines and fruit trees. At Dolen-Chiflik,

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## Overseas

the Juniors established a "pupils' court" for trying all offenders.

THE Juniors of Tolna, Hungary, are very fond of birds. Each girl planted sunflowers to give them seeds in winter. The boys also protect them. One boy made houses where the tom-tits have been coming to nest for three years and he now has twelve families of tom-tits in his garden. Moreover there are no worm-eaten fruits at his home, nor at his neighbor's.

The Juniors of this group, even after leaving school, continue to visit their comrades at the committee meetings. During the holidays all the Juniors carry on their work for relief and give reports of their work when school reopens. During one of the last meetings the girls decided that each time forfeit games were played, the forfeits would be paid in money and that these little sums would help to swell their service fund.

THE Junior Red Cross members of Stigen in Sweden, recently organized an entertainment which brought them seventy-five crowns and enabled them to send a delicate comrade to the seaside. As these Juniors are very much interested in the care of their teeth, they put into the program songs and playlets on this subject.

JUNIORS of Nava Vidyalaya High School, of Hyderabad, India, sent an account of their J. R. C. work to their comrades in Standbridge East, Quebec:



*French Junior Red Cross members marching out to give a demonstration of gymnastics on the public square of their village*

## Juniors

In our school a Junior Red Cross group was started in 1931. We have now about eighty Juniors. Our school is the biggest school in the Province of Sind, and has about one thousand boys. Its building cost two lacs of rupees. It has one clock tower. Our city is on the bank of River Indus, on a rock. It has a strong fort. It has eighty thousand population. The merchants of Hyderabad have shops all over the world. Here we have neither too much cold nor too much heat. We have no snow here.

We Juniors go in the villages during our holidays and pass the whole day with the poor people of the village. We give them clothes, food and money. Last year we paid three rupees as the school fees every month for two poor boys named Alibux and Khanu. Every Sunday we go to the local Civil Hospital to give fruit, flowers and milk to the patients. This money we save from our pocket money. Certain days in the week we go to the hospital in the evening and sing songs to the patients. We have saved and kept twenty-five rupees in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Last year we cleaned out school compound, which had many stones in it, and put earth there. In the winter vacation our clever boys taught the school subjects to the backward boys, with the result that only one boy failed in the annual examination. We have our own library, which we manage ourselves. We send out best wishes to you in your noble work, and hope you will bring world peace when you grow up.

**T**HE Red Cross of a little town in Yugoslavia has given a playground and a garden with gay flowers beds where the children and their parents spend pleasant hours. The Juniors help keep the park. Each one of them takes particular care of one tree or one rose bush which is marked with his name.

**B**Y their own efforts, forty-two members of a group at Kistanje, Yugoslavia, were able to go to a summer colony at the seaside. Each one gave what he could and three were admitted free, but the amount collected would not cover the expenses for traveling and board. The Juniors, however, soon found a way of earning the money. They loaded and transported 120 cubic meters of gravel which they sold to contractors who were making a road. The Junior Red Cross Central Committee, seeing their efforts, gave the rest of the money that was needed.



*This spring on the Isle of Man, England, looks tempting to bikers, but has made many sick. So J. R. C. members put up this warning*



*Juniors in Stockholm, Sweden, have a hospital corner in one room of their school and give first aid to schoolmates who get hurt*

**A** CANADIAN Junior Red Cross group which holds the national record for carrying on the most international correspondence had bound in a single volume the 1930, 1931 and 1932 numbers of their Junior Red Cross magazine and sent them to their correspondents in Australia. They asked that the volume be placed in the school library.



# Something to Read

## FULL STEAM AHEAD

Henry B. Lent: Macmillan: \$2.00

(Ages 9 to 13)

**H**ENRY B. LENT has two boys who ask questions. When they were interested in ocean liners he wrote this book about all he found out for his boys. In it he takes you on a trip across the Atlantic. But he can do many things that most people can't. He goes all over the ship, from the bridge, from which the captain directs his ship, to the engine room. He even visits the kitchens and storerooms, where meat and potatoes and ice cream are stored by the ton. Mr. Lent describes just how the ship is built and what it looks like, and tells the names of all the parts. He tells you how the steersman manages to turn the rudder, though it weighs seventy-five tons, and how the captain finds out where he is in the middle of the ocean. It is a very interesting book that will tell you practically everything you could think of to ask about a ship.

There are splendid pictures, too, that make everything clearer.

## JOTHY

Charlotte Chandler Wyckoff: Longmans: \$2.00

(Girls 9 to 13)

**J**OTHY was born Blackie. Her people, who lived in South India, were so poor and despised that they did not belong to any caste at all—they were outcastes. They could not touch the children from even the lowest caste families, and if they looked at the food of a high caste person, that food was so polluted that it had to be thrown away. It was their politeness to turn their eyes away when the favored ones were eating. They were very poor, too. Jothy's father was given a little millet to feed his family, and once a year he was paid four rupees—two dollars—and a little cloth. That was all he ever got for working from dawn to sundown.

"It is written on your forehead," Jothy's grandmother said whenever anyone complained, and it was true that her fate and that of her ancestors for hundreds of years had been hopelessly fixed. But modern progress came to Jothy's jungle village in the person of a school teacher who taught the pariah children to read.

In the teacher's house, after the long misery of cold and wet and sickness that came with the rains, Jothy slept under a real blanket for the

first time in her life. And through his teaching Jothy won a scholarship at boarding school in the city, where girls of all castes and no caste all studied and played together.

You must not get the idea that Jothy did nothing but suffer. She thought it was fun to go out in the fields with the other children to watch the goats and buffaloes and lie in the shade and play. There were festivals when she ate rice and even curry, and a trip to market when she saw a bus for the first time and rode in it with a group of school girls. She was terribly homesick when she first went to school, but after she got used to being away from her mother, she gloried in having some nice clothes and being one with the other girls. She had some adventures at school, too, but everything turned out well. And there she found the daughter of her old master, whom she had admired from afar, and they became fast friends.

This is an interesting book that tells a lot about the way many children live in India.

—J. W. S.

## Navajo Silversmith

(Continued from page 203)

were all the marks of one side of an American dime. Cheerful Singer had simply smoothed off one side and shaped it and put a shank of copper on the other, leaving that side just as it had been, and the button was complete. In other cases he had not bothered to smooth out one side, but had just put a loop of copper wire onto a coin—dime, quarter or even sometimes a half-dollar, and had used them for buttons.

You often see women with a whole row of quarters or dimes, or if they are very rich, fifty-cent pieces all down the front of their blouses. When they get short of money, they just clip off a coin, shank and all, and take it to the trader, who accepts it like any other money and gives it perhaps to the next Indian in change. Even if the coin marks have all been smoothed away and the coin shaped up into a fancy button, the trader will usually accept it just the same, because he can easily give it to another Indian instead of money.

Thus you see that instead of putting money in the bank, as we do, the Navajos make it into jewelry and wear it. In this way they always have it with them, and they make a very fine appearance as well.



RED CROSS COURIER

*Juniors of Lynn, Massachusetts, being taught to swim by a Red Cross instructor. In four years 266 have won swimming certificates and 43 junior life saving certificates*

## News from Here and There

**S**EVENTY-EIGHT delegates from elementary schools conducted their own section of the Junior Red Cross Conference of northern California at Woodland on March third. A member from Rio Linda Grammar School told how her school plans their Junior services. The delegate from Columbus School in Grass Valley spoke on raising Red Cross funds. Each grade in that school chooses its own method. Some grades have a competition between teams or between the boys and the girls; others give plays for which admission is charged; others make and sell candy, decorated pencils, decorated flower pots, toys and doll dresses. Two members spoke on school correspondence and exhibited albums and gifts and others discussed the National Children's Fund and the use of the News.

**C**ULLMAN, Alabama, Juniors raised money for their Service Fund by giving a roller skating party. They got permission from the mayor to close a paved street one afternoon after school, and charged ten cents admission for skaters. All grades in the elementary and high school skated and there were many spectators. The Juniors also sold hot dogs which they roasted over a bonfire, and ice-cold soda water. The \$5.42 which they made they used to buy shoes for schoolmates who needed them badly.

**T**HIS message of good will was sent by the Juniors of Puerto Rico to Austrian members:

Puerto Rico, our beautiful island, the smallest of the Greater Antilles, occupies a unique position. Geographically, we are situated between North and South America, and at an equal distance from Mexico and Central America. Descendants of chivalrous Spanish conquerors,

we possess the civilization received from the mother country, and being part of the United States, are American citizens and have received from them our present democratic régime. We speak both English and Spanish, the two languages that are spoken almost the world over. Therefore, we can perhaps serve as intermediaries between the two Americas; and when these two continents are in the friendly terms they should be, why not extend our endeavors to the Old World, to Spain, England and France, and Austria?

Facing our Red Cross flag we extend our hands across the sea to you, our Austrian friends, and hope that we may work together in a world-wide crusade of good will.

**F**OURTH grade members in Austin School, Vermillion, South Dakota, write about their school work:

All of the fourth grade are members of the Junior Red Cross. In geography we were studying about Mr. Smith's farm. While we were studying we decided to make a farm on our sand table like Mr. Smith's. So we made a yellow house with a green roof, a red barn with a green roof, a red garage with a green roof, a red windmill and a green fence around the farm yard. We made a sign which said: "J. C. Smith, Vegetables 'for Sale'."

The Red Cross members of the third grade asked if they could plant crops on the sand table. We said we would be glad to have them do it. So they put some fresh soil on the sand table and planted fields of oats, rye, wheat, barley and corn. They sowed lettuce, radishes, tomato plants, peanuts, carrots and turnips in the vegetable garden and grass seed on the lawn. We had toy cars and tractors and we made farm animals of paper. Next year we plan to make a Red Cross sand table.

**I**N Carrboro, North Carolina, School, a seventh grade girl served as "school nurse" all year. She estimated that she treated at least five children daily who had cuts, scratches, burns or other minor injuries. The Red Cross Council's main objective for the year was to see that supplies



*The Lincoln grade school of Robinson, Illinois, sent this photograph of their school band in an album to Japan. The school also has a boy's patrol which helps smaller children to cross the streets at noon, and a girls' auxiliary that helps the crippled children in and out of the buildings*

were kept in the medicine cabinet in the office.

AFTER they had presented "May Baskets for the World's Front Door," at their school assembly one Friday, junior-high-school members in Huntington, West Virginia, repeated the play on Saturday for an "international story hour" as a feature of the "month of international thinking" which the town celebrated in May.

THE graduating class in a rural school in Nevada County, California, which had had great difficulty in raising its enrollment fee, made a present of next year's membership as its parting gift to the school.

THE fourth grade in Hancock School, Boston, Massachusetts, gave a play about world friendship which was based on travel trails which they had been following in their studies. Speakers came who had actually traveled in Egypt, Japan, Holland. They brought along all sorts of interesting things they had collected, explained them and left the collections for a time. The children themselves wrote and sent the invitations to their speakers. The Juniors wanted to make a play to show their fathers and mothers some of the fun they were having and the interesting facts they had learned. In the play they gave, six American boys and girls asked children representing Holland, the Congo, Switzerland, Egypt, Norway, Japan and China



*Officers of the J. R. C. Council of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which celebrated its tenth anniversary this year. There were sixty members of the Council this year representing four junior high schools and fourteen grammar schools. They meet the first Saturday morning of every month*

to luncheon. The foreign children came in with Liberty, each bringing things for the luncheon table. The Congo brought bananas and grass mats for the dishes, Japan brought rice cakes and tea-cups; Switzerland, a lace tablecloth and cheese; Egypt, pottery and dates; Norway, carved wooden bowls and some of the famous Norwegian bread; China, dishes and candied fruits; the Netherlands, tulips and chocolate to drink. The Americans produced the flags of every nation for table decorations, and fresh green lettuce from "our

New England soil." After they went through the motions of having luncheon there were entertainments—a dance by Holland, a myth by the Congo, a song by Switzerland, a story by Egypt, a game by China, a fan drill by Japan. America sang "America for Me."

Twenty-one hundred scrapbooks were distributed by members in the schools of Boston among children in nineteen local hospitals and institutions. These books were gifts from the members of the Junior Red Cross in primary grades of the Boston schools and Boston playgrounds.

MEMBERS in Jacksonville, Florida, have classes in swimming and life-saving in May, so they can practice all summer what they have learned. Other Jacksonville members make ash trays for the veterans' hospitals from sea shells and even from crab shells. These have



been so popular that most of the men take theirs home with them when they leave. The Juniors collected many of the shells for their next year's work during summer vacation. The Juniors in Mattie V. Rutherford School sent toys to children in the hospitals on May 12, Florence Nightingale Day, and flowers on Memorial Day.

**W**EST Junior High School Juniors of Binghampton, New York, celebrated "Spring Day" by bringing to school hundreds of bouquets of lilacs, tulips and lilies of the valley to be sent to patients in the city hospitals.

**L**AST May Nordhoff Union Grammar School Juniors of Ojai, California, celebrated World Good Will Day. Each group in the school made a goodwill message, and they succeeded in getting one of them broadcast on radio station KNX. Then they voted in their Council meeting to invite all the grown-ups in Ojai Valley to write a goodwill message for the next year, and then see if they themselves could write as good a one. The local newspaper helped them in this project.

When they made an international correspondence album for Greece, the boys formed a Greek Club which met at the home of an American who once lived in Athens for a number of years. The mother of one of the boys made a Greek flag and presented it to the school to add to their collection of foreign flags.

A member of the third grade told of the Good Will Day project of her room:

In our room we put our heads down on our desks and thought about little children friends we have read about, brown and yellow, and the little Japanese boys, and we sent love

to them all and our teacher said it was like a light for them, though they would never know it. We were perfectly still for a long, long time.

**A**T the close of the year, Juniors of Halstead Avenue School, Harrison, New York, sent eleven boxes of textbooks they had finished with to school children in Caney Creek, Kentucky. The Westchester County Juniors have taken a great deal of interest in the Caney Creek School for several years.



A large new colored panel made in Professor Cizek's class in Vienna. This can be bought from the Austrian J. R. C., Vienna III, Marxergasse 2, Austria, for \$1.40. The colored postal cards now are forty cents the set of ten

**G**LENBURN SCHOOL, Linton, Indiana, is a three-room rural school, but it has 118 members of the J. R. C. who carried on varied activities last year. They pieced two quilts, one of which they gave to the Red Cross Chapter and the other of which they sold for \$16.65. Some of this money they gave to their senior Red Cross, some they used for shipping Brailled books and Christmas boxes, and the rest went to the community house that was being built near their school. Ninety-four of the books for the blind that they shipped they had covered themselves; the other 150 had been covered by Juniors in neighboring schools. They also sent holiday gifts to veterans in hospitals.

**M**EMBERS in Easley, South Carolina, gave a report of their year's work before their parents and friends, adapting the playlet, "The Council Meets." This was followed by an open meeting of the J. R. C. at which they talked over their vacation activities and plans for the following fall. The exercises were concluded by a program including two short plays and several songs.

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PUBLISHERS' PHOTO

Time to Go Fishing

